

# The Weekly Museum.

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*COPY OF A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER SEDUCER.*

THE various passions that agitated my distracted soul, have subsided, and I am now calm.—I am alone and in no danger of interruption.—The insignificants that fluttered around me are fled; and their departure gives me no uneasiness.—I am at leisure to consider what I have been, and what I am—admired, applauded, courted—avoided, despised, pitied;—however, when I take a view of my own heart, the prospect is less gloomy.—I have been incautious, but not a abandoned:—indiscreet but not vicious;—faulty but not depraved. If female virtue consists (as I have sometimes been told) in female reputation, my virtue is indeed gone: But if as my sober reason teaches, virtue be independent of human opinion, I feel myself its ardent votary, and my heart is pregnant with its noblest principles.—The children of ignorance cannot, and the children of malice will not comprehend this: But I court not their approbation, nor fear their censure.

My heart, it must be owned, was formed of tensibility—formed for all the luxury of the melting passions: But it is equally true, that the severest delicacy had never a place there; the groves of —— can witness, that whenever the loves presided at the entertainment, in the very delirium of pleasure, the rapture was chastened, and the transport restrained.—My understanding was never made procurer to my wishes, nor did I ever call in the aid of a wretched, sceptical and impious philosophy to countenance my unhappy fall.—Though nature was my goddess and my lawgiver, I never dreamed of my appealing from the decisions of positive institutions:—my principles were uncorrupted, while my heart was warm: and if I fell as a woman, yet, you know at the same time, that I fell like Cæsar, with decent dignity.

I write not to justify myself to you:—You deserve not—you desire not any such justification:—But while I lay open my heart, I desire you would examine your own. The hour of reflection seldom comes too soon; and what must your sensations be, when you recollect that you have violated all laws, divine and human:—Broken through every principle of virtue, and every tie of humanity:—That you have offered an insult to the kind genius of hospitality, the benevolent spirit of good neighbourhood, and the sacred powers of friendship!—I mean not to reproach you:—But suffer me to ask—was it not sufficient that you added my name to the list of the infamous triumphs (for infamous they are, in spite of sophistry, gaiety, and the mode:)—that you had ranked me amongst the daughters of wretchedness and ignominy;

—deprived me of my father, my all of comfort, and my all of hope!—Were not these things, I say, sufficient, without adding to them the meanness and baseness of publicly speaking of me in the streets, in language that a gentleman would not have used to the vilest that ever breathed the infected air of St. Clements?—Weak, unhappy man! I am not ashamed of my defeat.

For myself, I am well aware the world is not my friend, nor the world's law.—I expect not, nor desire its favor.—I never forgave offences of this kind:—my own sex in particular, is inexorable:—But never did female kindness shed a tear of genuine commiseration on misfortunes like mine.—The insolent familiarity of some, and the cautious reserve of others—the affected concern—the self approving condolence; these sufficiently teach me what is the friendship of woman:—But I have no anxiety on this account:—The remainder of my days I give to solitude; and if heaven will hear my most ardent prayer—if my ailing heart and declining health do not deceive me, this remainder will not be long!—Sister angels shall with joy receive me in their happy choir though my two virtuous sisters of this world avoid my bad company as contagious.

In the mean time, never shall the returning sun gild the roof of my humble cottage but I will drop a tear of deep repentance to the fatal indiscretion that robbed me of my peace, and plunged a whole family into misery; and when the hour of my delivery comes, if an offended parent will take me in his arms and pronounce me forgiven, my heart will again be sensible of comfort, and joy shall again sparkle in the eyes of

ELIZA.

## The Mirror, No. 2.

*Teneræ conjugis immemor.*

REGARDLESS OF A LOVELY WIFE.

THE writer of this motto has happily characterized a variety of professions, and drawn a portrait of their ruling passions. The huntsman of his day, was the only individual whose cool neglect of the wedded fair, merited satirical reprobation. Mr. Pope, in his sketch of the country Squire, has hinted at something of the same conduct, where he keenly observes, “and loves you best of all things but his horse.” Modern manners, when carefully examined, forbid us to censure the sportsman alone, or to believe that the rustic is the only insensible of feminine charms. The coffee houses, taverns and billiard tables of this metropolis from morning

to evening, and from night to dawning day, present innumerable instances of avowed contempt for domestic happiness. How frequent is the merchant, plodding mechanic, and day labourer to be met with, at one or the other of these social rendezvous, where many an hour is loitered away in eating, drinking, smoking, or gaming, which of right belong to an amiable wife and sweet little family at home. The convivial club and good fellowship associations are the bane of domestic felicity. They now mould the man who frequent them; and change his character from endearing tenderness, to cold and cruel negligence. An example is more forcible than precept, I shall present my readers with a pretty little story to elucidate the truth of this remark. Florio was a young man, brought up to very good business, and with the fairest prospects in life he gave his hand to Rozella, a very accomplished and engaging young lady. The joys of connubial life, were heightened by the birth of a daughter, and twelve months of uninterrupted felicity might be pronounced their own. At this period a club was instituted for the purposes of good manly fellowship, and Florio though not without persuasion became a member. The established hours of breaking up, were between 12 & 1. A few evenings he had resorted thither, and returned with redoubled rapture to his peaceful abode. One night however, he had just gained the street that led to his own door, when Florio was assailed by a female decoy, who, with an artful tale of distress, so far wrought on his feelings as to be her guardian to a lodgings. The morning insensibly broke around him before she had finished her story, and he returned at a very early hour to comfort the disconsolate Rozella, who heard his apologies with the mildness of condonation, and supposed that such an event might never take place again. The Syren had riveted his chains with too much firmness. Visit succeeded visit on the part of Florio, and finally a connexion took place which became public. Rozella, dejected and sorrowful, gave herself up to the use of ardent spirits, in the hope of momentary relief for agonizing feelings: And at the expiration of another eighteen months, Florio was bankrupt in fortune and character. His children became the care of the public, and Rozella was lodged in an alm's house.—Blessed consequences of club hunting, and porter house meetings!

## BLUE LAWS.

IN Connecticut State, in days of yore, among others, they passed an act, “That the laws contained in the Bible, or in other words, that the laws of God, should be good, and valid, until they should have leisure to enact better ones.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Garrison,

YOUR Museum of last Saturday contained a number of marriages.—Among them there was one which has been the occasion of some anxiety and dissatisfaction. I allude to that which stands the sixth on the list, stating, that on Wednesday evening was married, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. E—M—, to Miss E—H—. This publication is not founded in truth, as it appears that no such transaction took place, and that no such connexion subsists between the parties mentioned.

It must be evident to every feeling mind, that intelligence of this nature, when so glaringly false, may prove extremely disagreeable to the parties concerned. Their sensations will be considerably heightened from a reflection on the motives which occasioned the measure. It must have had an author, and that author, it is presumed, had no friendly intention in view.

Whether one individual or a greater number were concerned in the transaction, it is not material to enquire. If more than one were concerned, the consequences must be attributed to the person who was the principal agent in advising or executing the measure. Two things, however, I imagine, are sufficiently evident—That the author of it is a man, for where could any of the female sex be found possessing a heart sufficiently base? and that he is likewise a young man. Acting on these suppositions, I beg leave to address a few words to him on the subject. They come from one who has no personal enmity to him; but who, at the same time, will always consider the claims of friendship as sacred, and by all means to be obnoxious.

In contemplating the motives in which this measure originated, two things present themselves as the probable causes. One of these is—a desire of creating sport in some particular circle. If a motive so trifling, so childish, and so inconsiderate, could have excited you to the action, you are rather deserving of pity than of resentment.

But another less innocent motive may have been the occasion of your conduct. This is—Malice. In this case it must have been directed against one or the other of the injured parties, and whichever we imagine it to be, your conduct must appear equally mean and detestable. If it was the gentleman with whom you were at variance, it is plain, that to take this method of shewing your resentment, argues a heart as base as it is cowardly. If on the other hand the lady was the object of your vengeance, you have shewed yourself beyond expression, mean and ungenerous. The female sex, weak and defenceless by nature, have only to rely for protection, on the native unoffending sweetness of their dispositions, the rules of decency and politeness, and the generous attachment of men. Aware of this, and dreading the consequences of your being known, you have thought proper to shelter yourself under the mask of secrecy. From attacks of this nature, no one is free. They have been the general resort of villains and cowards from time immemorial. Confiding in your obscurity, and protected by the promised secrecy of your accomplices, you have dared to violate the obligations of decency and politeness—to make an unprovoked attack upon private happiness—and from your dark ambuscade to hurl your malicious darts against unsuspecting innocence. You have taken precautions to prevent a discovery, and thus to avoid the dread of that punishment which your conduct so richly merits. Remember, however, that notwithstanding your precautions, a discovery may one day take place, and that that discovery must cover you with shame and confusion: your character (if you have any) must fall—and

you must inevitably sink into not unmerited insignificance and contempt.—A people of Greece, not less renowned for their wisdom than their valour, once put to death a young boy, who had been guilty of putting out the eyes of sparrows, merely for his amusement. They feared that so sanguinary a disposition, manifested at so early a period, might, if suffered to continue, become injurious to society. And if you already begin to wound with false and infidious publications, the peace, the safety, and the happiness of those around you, what may we not expect will be the consequence of maturer years? Will they not be stained with crimes of a deeper dye, and such as will receive less mild correction than infamy or disgrace?

I shall conclude with a few words to the Editor of the Museum. If you are aware, Sir, that the law in this and similar cases considers the printer as responsible for all damages, it will sufficiently evince the propriety of extreme caution and circumspection in this particular. On the present occasion it has fortunately happened that nothing of this nature has ensued. Innocence and virtue has proved a sufficient protection against the attacks of envy and malevolence. But, Sir, if you wish to avoid disagreeable consequences on other occasions—if you wish to attract credit and respect to your paper—to render it subservient to the purposes of entertainment and instruction as it has hitherto in general been—and at the same time to be honoured with a list of generous and respectable subscribers, you will never suffer yourself to be again deceived with false intelligence. This has not been the first instance of untrue marriages being contained in your paper—give us room, however, to hope it will be the last.

A Reader of the Weekly Museum.

January 18.



For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

**I**N vain hast thou, ignoble soul,  
On JANE to palm thy trash essay'd,  
Thy wretched, doggrel, rhyming scroll,  
Its braying author has betray'd.

O! then great critic! why the duee  
Did you your shafts aim at my rhyme?  
Your own barbaques you plodding goye,  
For ait and ait I'm sure don't chime.

Ye Gods! ha, ha, a critic too,  
With certain vict'ry so elate;  
E'er he expos'd his sense to view,  
His dwarf\* foretold, poor Strephon's fate.  
Calliope!† fair maid! wilt thou record  
The beauties of his keen satire?  
And with a laurel him reward,  
'Twas due such wit that struck the lyre.

Great Oaf! your criticiung leave,  
Your addle scull is void of brain,  
Nor will young Strephon e'er believe  
Such stuff was pen'd by blooming JANE.

**S**TREPHON.  
• A little gentleman intimate with our Author.  
† She was the first of the Muses, whose office it was to record the worthy actions of the living.



The Ancient Epitaph Modernized.

**N**EAR to this place  
Lies Baren Peg,  
Who had but one issue,  
And that was in her leg.  
She was always industrious,  
And this was her cunning,  
While one leg stood still,  
The other was running.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Garrison,

The writer of the following, convinced by internal evidence, that the miserable performance in your last Museum, signed JANE, and transmitted by A Reader, is not the production of a lady, begs you will admit a reply.

A FRIEND.

**A** Stupid dunce inveck'd the Muse,  
She frown'd indignant on his wits,  
And him to silence pres'd;  
Regardless of her stern command,  
He grasp'd his pen, the Hermes' wand,  
And thus the als addres'd:

What Demon, wretch! impels to this?  
Your object surely you shall miss,

And shew your want of sense;  
For dullness ever should be mute,  
Rage unprovok'd displays the brute;

Thou worthless pigmy—hence!

Not so;—replies the bard of lead,  
Since to my pray'rs and vows you're dead,  
I'll e'en to self repair;  
Great Cibber, and an hundred more,  
Have unassisted shewn their lare,  
Why then should I despair?

The Dame incens'd, avoids reply,  
Her wand extends;—when, lo!—a flye,  
To this directs our bard:  
In sensible of dire dilgrace,  
He wallows in the loathsome place;  
Thus mantled and prepar'd.

He rose, an object of disgust.  
The Dame now urges him to thrast  
His ornaments to light:  
Not so, the wrong-head; no, not I;  
I'm now an inmate of the stye—

My works must shew my plight!  
Then down he sat. I view'd his den;—  
His potent instrument a pen,  
Filch'd from a brother goofe;  
Much east abortion round him lay,—  
An half-form'd ode alham'd of day,  
Belpoise a wit obtuse!

And now, ye pow'rs! the kindred quill  
He seiz'd and weilds—'gainst Clio's will,  
And lo!—commenc'd a critique;  
A critique!—O ye wits attend!  
Characteristic of the Fiend,—  
In foul remark prolific.

The Dame saw this. 'Tis well! she cry'd,—  
A metamorphosis I've try'd,  
Success rewards my care;—  
The Poetafter now shall feel  
Vindictive lashes—see him reel!  
He sinks!—'Tis time to spare.  
• The celebrated heroes of the DUNCIAD.



USE of SWEARING

**D**URING the Bloody transactions of the 10th of August an Englishman in Paris happening to turn round, saw a musket levelled at his head by one of the enraged mob, who mistook him for an obnoxious Aristocrat.—“G—d d—y you! what are you about?” exclaimed the Englishman, in his own language. “Godam! êtes vous Anglois? Que je suis ravi de vous voir!” replied the Frenchman, throwing his gun down, and clasped his new acquaintance in his arms,

A Solution to the Enigma in our last.

1. **S**ABATONS.—2. Abase.—3. Lac—4. Ling.—5. Yap.—6. Fabrick.—7. Opal.
8. Wed.—9. Labarum.—10. Ewer.—11. Robert.

*For the WEEKLY MUSEUM:*

*Heu mibi!* Ov.

ALAS!

BANISH'D from my love,  
What can now delight?  
Sorrow rules the day;  
Sleepless is the night.

Vain are all the arts  
Us'd to charm my grief;—  
Nothing now can charm,  
Nothing bring relief.

Thro' the varied year,  
Nature smiles in vain;  
Vain the poet's song.—  
Vain the sweetest strain.—

Where yon distant hills,  
Crown'd with vapors rise,  
Where the mountain's top,  
Seems to pierce the skies.  
Far from all that's dear;  
Thither will I fly:  
There unknown I'll dwell,  
There unpitied die.

January 18, 1793. SLENDER.

New-York, January 26.

The original holders of the debt of those states which are supposed to have considerable claims against the union, ought to be warned not to part hastily with their certificates, as there can be no doubt but that in some shape or other, a provision will be made for them during the present session, either by a final assumption, or by the settlement of the accounts, which we understand to be now nearly completed; the states which are conjectured to be the largest creditor states, are Massachusetts and South Carolina, whose exertions during the war were very considerable.

Authentic accounts from Cape Francois state the numbers killed in the late dispute between the whites and mulattoes, at about sixty. The engagement lasted several hours; the mulattoes finally retreating and taking possession of some forts in the country. It is said, they have since consented to a treaty. An embargo was laid on all vessels at the Cape, and still continued when the last accounts came away.

*Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Philadelphia to his friend in New-York.*

Mrs. Pownall, an English performer, has agreeably entertained us in our city for some time past—We sensibly feel her loss; she has left impressions on our hearts that will not be easily erased, and I have no doubt but you will agree with me, that she is the first vocal performer in America.—The company for her benefit here, was crowded with the first characters in our city, who with raptures listened to the soft notes of this sweet warbler, the Billington of America.

*Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Cape François, dated Dec. 15, 1792.*

"It is now near a month since we have been possessed of Oceanaminte and Mount Pele, where we have destroyed numbers of the enemy: Port de Praix will soon be restored to order: The inhabitants in that quarter, have united themselves with the troops stationed there, and have begun an attack on the Brigands, whom they have already driven into a situation from whence they cannot escape; they must either throw themselves into the sea, or surrender at discretion: The troops have sworn not to return until they have extirpated the insurgents—during their march of 25 leagues, they have lost only two men: Mr. Pa-

cot, who commands the camp of Oceanaminte, has lately experienced a new instance of treachery from the Brigands, in that neighbourhood—a few of them came to him with proposals to surrender, they were followed by a large body, who after having been conducted into the camp, agreeably to a plot formed among them, immediately revolted—an attack was made at the same time from without: This unfortunate credulity, has cost us 25 men, among whom were 15 invalids. Mr. Pacot was wounded in the action.

"The 22d inst. we were alarmed by an unfortunate difficulty with the people of colours: It was however immediately suppressed, and several soldiers of the Cape regiment, who had refused to submit to the decree of the 4th of April, and were the authors of this unpopularity, were instantly embarked. A general attack will take place next week."

*Extract from LINDSAY'S Hotel Diary, Jan. 9. 1793.*

On Sunday last arrived here the brig William Pennock, Capt. Williams, who left Gaudaloupe the 15th Dec. Four days before Capt. Williams sailed the frigate Felicite arrived in 35 days from France, at Dominica, and brought news of the defeat of the Combined Forces. This intelligence was alarming to many of the inhabitants, who apprehensive of a visit from a French fleet, were leaving the Islands. Capt. Williams took 20 passengers for St. Eustatius, where he found other American vessels full of French passengers. St. Eustatius was full of French people and scarce a house to be got on any terms. At St. Martins, found several vessels with French passengers on board, from Gaudaloupe; also a vessel from Martinica, with passengers, informed, that the inhabitants of that Island were continually under arms—that 1700 of the inhabitants had quitted the Island, all kind of business at a stand, and nothing doing except fortifying the Island, repairing the forts, and getting in order to arm their negroes (in case the expected fleet should arrive) with a determination to protect the white flag.

The frigate La Felicite got information of a French frigate who wore the white flag, which the La Felicite gave chase to—the ran into Back Staff, Gaudaloupe, under cover of the guns—The Capt. of the La Felicite wrote to the Governor of Gaudaloupe, if he caught any aristocratic flags in the West Indies he was determined to sink them. He bent his course to Dominica as he could not obtain any supplies in the French Islands.

*For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.*  
*Mr. Harrison,*

THE publication of the marriage of those unmarried ladies and gentlemen, in your paper of the 12th inst. and the contradiction of the same in your last, puts me in mind of an anecdote related to me by a gentleman, which, if you think it worth a place in your next, you will much oblige your humble servant,

A busy fellow by the name of Tangbill, having heard that one Mr. Wandell was very low and at the point of death, went and published the same as actually dead. But contrary to expectation, this Mr. Wandell recovered, and in a few days was able to follow his business; but the report of his death was so general already, that he found great difficulty to persuade his customers that he was the same person; and being informed that the said Tangbill had published his death, he published the following advertisement:—"Whereas, a certain Mr. Tangbill has published that I, Thomas Wandell, was dead, who is now living as well as any man: These are to make known, that I am now alive, and never was dead yet. Witness my hand,

THOMAS WANDELL."

MARRIED

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Beach, Mr. DANIEL TOOKER, Jun. to Miss NANCY BAILEY, daughter of Mr. John Bailey, all of this city.

Sunday Evening, by the Rev. Mr. Montayne, Mr. JAMES HULET, to Miss SARAH INGRAM, both of Providence Rhode-Island.

At Patchog, Long-Island, Mr. GEORGE KING aged 66, to Miss SALLY KING, aged 12 years and two months.—*A Dead Match.*

Impartiality compels us to omit the beautiful Lines of Julia, to make room for much less entertaining matter—Several other pieces are in the same predicament.

THURSDAY will be PUBLISHED,  
And sold by Messrs. Berry & Rodgers, John Reid,  
and the Printer hereof,

The SYREN; or, MUSICAL BOQUET,  
a new selection of favourite Songs, sung at the various places of Amusement in Great Britain, Ireland and America.

T H E A T R E.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 28,  
Will be presented, A COMEDY called,

THE WONDER!

A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.  
To which will be added, a FARCE, called,

THE PRISONER AT LARGE,

Or the Humours of Killarney.

The doors will be opened at a quarter of an hour after 5, and the curtain drawn up precisely at a quarter after 6.

Box 8s. Pit 6. Gallery 4s.

VIVAT REPUBLICA.

An Apprentice Wanted,

TO a Gentle Business, from 14 to 16 years of age, of reputable connexions and of a good disposition, for further particulars enquire of the printer.

46—tf

WANTED, two young girls to learn the ray making business; for particulars apply at No. 37, Broad-Way.

MISS MARSCHALK, Milliner,  
No. 3, WILLIAM STREET,  
Has receive per the Montgomery, Capt. Bunyan,  
From LONDON,

An ELEGANT AND NEW FASHIONED ASSORTMENT OF MILLINERY, viz.

CAPS, hats and bonnets,

Embroidered dresses and trimmings,

Do. York fathoms,

White and coloured fringes,

Embroide red silk handkerchiefs,

Fringed do. do.

White and coloured tiffany do.

Elegant feathers and flowers,

Necklaces, ear-rings and beads for trimming,

Ladies and gentlemen's watch-chains and trinkets,

Ladies and girl's beaver and donable hats,

White & fancy figured, & velvet fattrins & modes,

Do. do. ribbons,

Elegant tamboured pocket books and wallets,

Morocco pocket books, thread cases and purses,

Ladies and girl's Morocco sandals and slippers,

Do. elastic slips,

—LIKEWISE—

An elegant assortment of FRENCH MILLINERY.

All orders in the MILLINERY LINE, thankfully received and executed with neatness and dispatch.

46—tf

## Court of Apollo.

### THE HAPPY PAIR.

A Favourite Song.

**H**OW blest has my time been? what joys have I known,  
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own?  
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.  
That freedom is tasteless, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,  
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:  
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,  
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.  
To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen  
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:  
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,  
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,  
Her wit and good humor blooms all the year thro':  
Time, still as he flies, adds increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.  
Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,  
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair;  
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam,  
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

**JEREMIAH HALLETT & Co.**  
No. 52, Water-Street, two doors West of Burling-Slip.  
Have received by the late arrivals, an assortment of IRONMONGERY, which they will sell upon reasonable terms for CASH or short credit.

**A**MONG WHICH ARE  
**B**EST *b*oop *L.* blistered Steel, *T.* Crowly, No. 3, and *A. C.* faggot do. sheet Iron, tin Plates, Spovels and Spades, Frying Pans, Smiths Anvils, Vices, Back Irons, Hammers, Sledges, and Bellows. Pipes, brads Kettles, copper and brads Warming Pans, iron Pots and Kettles, brads and iron head Shovel and Tongs, iron Tea Kettles, a variety of coat and vest buttons, plated common Shoe and Knee Buckles, black do. iron and japanned Candlesticks, Shoe and Knee Chapes, door and other Locks, various kinds of Hinges, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Gouges, Plane Irons, Knives and Forks, and other Cutlery, stamped and common white chapple Needles, large Punice Stone, Allum, Coperas, Sad Irons, Files and Raps, Black Lead Pots, Steelyards, Scale Beams, Carpenters and Shoe Makers Tools, with a variety of other articles of Hard Ware.—Also, Elegant Tea Trays and Waiters; likewise for sale at same place, an assortment of DRY GOODS, at wholesale and retail.

32 1/2

### LIVERY STABLES.

**T**HE Subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he has furnished himself with a convenient stable, No. 5, Bridge-street, next door but one to Mr. Goodeve's Tallow-Chandlery, nearly opposite the Exchange, for the reception of Horses and Carriages by the day, week, month or year, at the very lowest prices. He has at the above stable, elegant Saddle & carriage horses for sale: He likewise has, for the convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, elegant Saddle Horses and Carriages to hire, at as low a rate as any in this city.

Wm. WELLS.

New York, July 20, 1792.

## The Moralist.

### The DRUNKARDS LOOKING GLASS.

**D**RUNKENESS makes a man unfit for good, drowneth and infatuateth the senses, depraveth the reason, befores the understanding, causes error in judgment; it is hurtful to the mind, defiles the conscience, burdens and steals away the heart, brings a spiritual lethargy: It is a work of darkness, an annoyane to modesty, a gate to debauchery, a discloser of secrets, betrayer of trust, a depriver of honesty, a forerunner of misery: It cracks men's credit, empties their purses, consumeth their estates, violate the rules of temperance, reverts the order of nature, causes propane scurrilous and cursed speeches, ranting, swearing and blasphemy; quarreling, fighting and murder. It is the mother of mischief, the father of vice and pride, the nurse of riot and fury, the school of lying and slander; a discoverer of folly, an oppresor of nature, an impainer of health; it deformeth the visage, corrupteth the breath, stupifies the spirits, intoxicates the brain, decayeth the memory, begets unnatural thirst, inflameth the blood, causes flammering of speech, reclining and staggering to and fro; fits, fits and lethome vomiting, droppings, surfeits, fevers, &c. &c. It is a voluntary madness, a deceiver of fools, it decays moral virtues, is a bewitching poison, an invited enemy, a flattering devil; causes a forgetfulness of God, a provoker of his judgments, hastens and often brings untimely death, and at last destroys the soul.

### THE MAIL DILIGENCE,

**F**OR Philadelphia, will, after the 2d day of December, leave the house of Capt. Verdine Elsworth's, at Pawles Hook, at sunrise every morning, except Saturday and Sunday, and start every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Seats for this stage shall be engaged at the office, in Broadway, the day before starting. Fare for a passenger, 4 dollars. 150 wt. of baggage, 4 dollars. Way passengers, 4 cents per mile. 14 wt. of baggage gratis.

JOHN N. CUMMING, & Co.

Excellent Accommodations by Verdine Elsworth.

New-York, November 26, 1792.

### BREAD KEGS.

**B**READ KEGS of different sizes, made and sold at No. 13, Crown-street, where Bakers, Grocers and others, may be supplied at a short Notice, and on reasonable terms for Cash.

WILLIAM CARGILL.

January 12, 1793.

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**P**URSUANT of an order of the honorable John Slofs Hobart, Esq. one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of New-York, upon the petition of Edmond Washburn, an insolvent debtor, in conjunction with so many of his creditors who have debts owing to them by the said Edmond Washburn, amounting to at least three fourths or all the monies owing by him: All the creditors of the said Edmond Washburn are hereby required to show cause, if any they have, on the 7th day of March next, before the said judge, at his chambers in Crown street, in the city of New-York, why an affignment of the said insolvent's estate should not be made, and the said insolvent discharged, according to an act of the Legislature of the said state, entitled, "an act for giving relief in cases of insolvency;" passed the 21st day of March, 1788. Dated this 17th day of January 1793.

EDMOND WASHBURN.

George Lindsay, one of the petitioning creditor.

American Manufactured

### BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

**B**LACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and irons with bras heads, Plains of various sorts good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and cotton Cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,  
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.  
N. B. Genuine Haerlem Oil.

### TO BE SOLD,

Convenient Dwelling House, the upper end of Murray-street—containing 23 feet front, and 29 feet deep, with a good back building, 19 feet by 15.

—Very well situated for a Tavern Keeper or Baker—The House is on a lease lot of ground for twenty years from May next.—For terms of sale and other particulars, enquire of the subscriber on the premises.

JOHN OGILVIE.

Januar 12, 1793.

### S. L O Y D,

**S**TY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER, BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock street.—She returns her most grateful acknowledgments to her friends and the public for past favours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed.

January 2, 1792.

93 1/2.

### TO THE CURIOUS.

**W**ILL be exhibited for an evening's entertainment, at the corner of Beekman and Gold-Street, that most pleasing and extraordinary phenomenon of art,

THE WAX SPEAKING FIGURE, which is suspended by a ribbon in the centre of a beautiful Temple, elegantly decorated, and is calculated to please and surprise, by returning pertinent and agreeable answers to any questions proposed to it, whether spoken in a low whisper or in an audible voice. It will also ask questions which are always consistent with decency and propriety. The beholder may truly exclaim with the emphatic Poet of nature, as though he had this very figure in his mind's eye.

"It, tho' inanimate, can hold discourse,  
And with the powers of reason seems inspir'd."

In the same room is to be seen, other wax figures, a brilliant diamond Beetle, a small Paradox, and Alarm against House-Breaking and Fire.—Admittance to Ladies and Gentlemen at 2 each, and Children 1 each, from 7 until 10 o'clock every evening (Sundays excepted.)

18tf

### PRINTING

In General, executed at this Office with neatness, accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable as any in this City.